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# ENOCH ARDEN

By ALFRED TENNYSON

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Progressive School Classics

# ENOCH ARDEN

BY  
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

With a Biographical Sketch  
Notes and Portrait

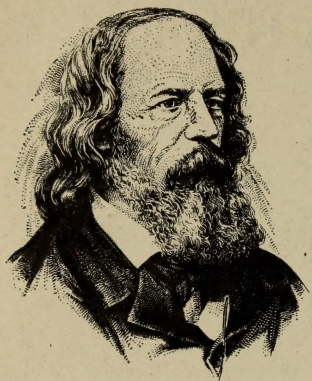


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## ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON, the greatest representative English poet of his time, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, Aug. 6, 1809.



He was the third of twelve children, seven of whom were sons. His father, himself somewhat of a poet and artist as well as a fine scholar, was the village rector. His mother was a woman of sweet and tender disposition. While Alfred and his brother Charles were still mere boys they wrote a little book of verses which was published under the title of *Poems of Two Brothers*. A little schooling together with the training which he received at the hands of his father, prepared Alfred for Trinity College at Cambridge, which he entered in 1828. He won the chancellor's medal in 1829 for his *Timbuctoo*, considered the best English poem of his year.

In 1830 appeared his *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, but it was not received with any great favor by the public. The following year Tennyson was obliged

to leave college without taking his degree on account of the death of his father. Two years later came a new collection entitled *Poems*, which was somewhat larger than the previous book and contained some of the poems which still hold a high place amongst his best of their kind.

While Tennyson continued to write, it was almost ten years later before the poet published anything. In 1842 appeared two volumes entitled *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*, which won for him high rank as a poet of the first order. In 1850 appeared, at first anonymously, his noble poem *In Memoriam*, which, however, had been written some years before, in memory of his college friend, Arthur Hallam. In 1847 *The Princess* was given to the world and met with immediate success. However, the year 1850 stands forth most prominently in the poet's career. In this eventful year occurred his marriage to Miss Emily Sellwood and his appointment to the laureateship upon the death of Wordsworth. *Maud*, a romance, appeared in 1855, together with some fine additional poems. During the years 1859-1872 appeared in successive installments Tennyson's masterpiece *Idylls of the King*. In 1864 came *Enoch Arden and Other Poems*. Other works appeared as late as 1889. In the summer of 1892 he was at work on a new volume *Akbar's Dream*, but he did not live to see its publication.

Tennyson's death occurred Oct. 6, 1892, after a short illness, at Aldworth, England, his summer home. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

## ENOCH ARDEN

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ; 5  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff ;  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25  
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times

Enoch would hold possession for a week :

“This is my house and this my little wife.”

“Mine too,” said Philip, “turn and turn about :”

- 30 When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger made  
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, “I hate you, Enoch,” and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
35 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart

- 40 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;  
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
45 A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
50 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
55 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :  
And all men look'd upon him favorably :  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home

For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
(His father lying sick and needing him) 65  
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honorable toil;  
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
When two years after came a boy to be

90 The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 95 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 100 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 105 And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 110 Another hand crept too across his trade  
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 115 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 120 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,



Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 125  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—  
 When he was gone—the children—what to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;  
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her! 135  
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—  
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—  
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
 This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—  
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
 Become the master of a larger craft,  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:  
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150  
 Forward she started with a happy cry,  
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,

Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,  
 155 But had no heart to break his purposes  
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
 160 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
 For her or his dear children, not to go.  
 165 He not for his own self caring but her,  
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
 170 To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
 175 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—  
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all  
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
 180 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,

Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185  
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
 Whatever came to him: and then he said  
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195  
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry, when I come home again.  
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go." 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
 The current of his talk to graver things,  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205  
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise; 210  
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here

215 (He named the day), get you a seaman's glass,  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,  
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
220 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
225 Can I go from him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,

Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
230 After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
235 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,  
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps  
240 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him; 245  
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
 To barter, nor compensating the want  
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, 250  
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"  
 For more than once, in days of difficulty  
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold: 255  
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,  
 Expectant of that news which never came,  
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew 260  
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless,  
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,  
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell 265  
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,  
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it, 270  
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
 "Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,

275 May be some little-comfort ;” therefore went,  
Past thro’ the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter’d; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
280 Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn’d her own toward the wall and wept.  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
“Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.”

285 He spoke; the passion in her moan’d reply,  
“Favor from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!” half abash’d him; yet unask’d,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

290 “I came to speak to you of what he wish’d,  
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong man:  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will’d, and bore it thro’.  
295 And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal  
To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.  
300 And if he come again, vexed will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
And it would vex him even in his grave,  
If he could know his babes were running wild  
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—  
305 Have we not known each other all our lives?—

I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay—  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,  
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will,  
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do. 310  
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
 This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
 Answer'd, “I cannot look you in the face;  
 I seem so foolish and so broken down. 315  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;  
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;  
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;  
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;  
 Not kindness such as yours.” 320

And Philip ask'd  
 “Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turned,  
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head  
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately, 325  
 And past into the little garth beyond.  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 Like one who does his duty by his own, 330  
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,  
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent  
 335 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall,  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offence of charitable, flour  
 340 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 345 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
 From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 350 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him,  
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd  
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 355 Down at the far end of an avenue,  
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 360 To go with others nutting to the wood,  
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd  
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:  
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,



Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him,  
 "Come with us, Father Philip," he denied; 365  
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began 370  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
 Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said.  
 So Philip rested with her well-content;  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously 375  
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 And calling, here and there, about the wood. 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,  
 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie, 385  
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
 Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.  
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;  
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost! 390  
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself  
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said  
 "I thought not of it: but—I know not why—  
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

395 Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
“Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho’ I know not when it first came there,  
I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,  
400 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
405 Unless—they say that women are so quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
A father to your children: I do think  
They love me as a father: I am sure  
410 That I love them as if they were mine own;  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:  
415 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,  
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer’d Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
420 “You have been as God’s good angel in our house.  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
Philip, with something happier than myself.  
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved  
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”  
425 “I am content,” he answer’d, “to be loved  
A little after Enoch.” “Oh,” she cried,

Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:  
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—  
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:  
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year: 430  
 Oh, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,  
 "Annie, as I have waited all my life  
 I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,  
 "I am bound: you have my promise—in a year;  
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?" 435  
 And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
 Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose, 440  
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.  
 Up came the children laden with their spoil:  
 Then all descended to the port, and there  
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
 Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you, 445  
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."  
 Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
 While yet she went about her household ways, 450  
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
 And there he stood once more before her face,  
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd. 455  
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:  
 Come out and see." But she—she put him off—

So much to look to—such a change—a month—  
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—  
 460 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
 “Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.”  
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
 465 And yet she held him on delayingly  
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
 Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 470 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
 475 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
 480 But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
 To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty;  
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
 485 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced  
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
 Pray'd for a sign, “my Enoch, is he gone?”

Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 400  
 Then desperately seized the holy Book  
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
 "Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her:  
 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept: 495  
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:  
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing  
 Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines  
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms 500  
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried  
 'Hosanna in the highest!' " Here she woke,  
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,  
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."  
 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes, 505  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path, 510  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often,  
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch, 515  
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:  
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
 Being with child: but when her child was born,  
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,

520 Then the new mother came about her heart,  
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd  
 The ship Good Fortune, tho' at setting forth  
 525 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext  
 She slipt across the summer of the world,  
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
 530 She passing thro' the summer world again,  
 The breath of heaven came continually  
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
 535 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed  
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
 Scarce-rocking her full-busted figure-head  
 540 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows.  
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,  
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last  
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
 Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came  
 545 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance, 550  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;  
Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut, 555  
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck, 560  
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell 565  
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes, 570  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world, 575  
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef, 580  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
 585 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
 590 The blaze upon the waters to the east:  
 The blaze upon his island overhead;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 595 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
 Before him, haunting him, or he himself  
 600 Moved haunting people, things and places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
 605 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
 610 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle



Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere 615  
Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
Year after year. His hopes to see his own, 620  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course, 625  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away 630  
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores  
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge  
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd, 635  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue 640  
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard  
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it; 645

And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;  
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
 His isolation from him. None of these  
 Came from his county, or could answer him,  
 650 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.  
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore  
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
 655 He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :  
 And that same morning officers and men  
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
 660 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :  
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?—  
 665 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
 Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,  
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;  
 Cut off the length of highway on before,  
 670 And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.  
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :  
 675 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;  
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home 680  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born ;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 Still downward thinking, "dead, or dead to me!" 685

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,  
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone 690  
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
 There Enoch rested silent many days. 695

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
 Told him, with other annals of the port,  
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
 So broken—all the story of his house. 700  
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
 How Philip put her little ones to school,  
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance 705  
 No shadow past, nor motion: any one,  
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
 Less than the teller; only when she closed,

“Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,”  
 710 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
 Repeated muttering, “cast away and lost;”  
 Again in deeper inward whispers, “lost!”

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
 “If I might look on her sweet face again  
 715 And know that she is happy.” So the thought  
 Haunted and harass’d him, and drove him forth,  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below;  
 720 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip’s house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 725 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip’s dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that open’d on the waste,  
 730 Flourish’d a little garden square and wall’d:  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
 But Enoch shunn’d the middle walk and stole  
 735 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
 That which he better might have shunn’d, if griefs  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish’d board  
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:

And on the right hand of the hearth he saw 740  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand 745  
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
 Caught at, and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
 The mother glancing often toward her babe, 750  
 But turning now and then to speak with him,  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe 755  
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,— 760  
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom, 765  
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the hard shingle should grate underfoot,  
 And feeling all along the garden wall,  
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, 770

Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
 775 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
 780 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
 My children too! must I not speak to these?  
 785 They know me not. I should betray myself.  
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl  
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little  
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
 790 Back toward his solitary home again,  
 All down the long and narrow street he went  
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
 “Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

795 He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayer from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 800 Kept him a living soul. “This miller's wife,”

He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,  
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought 805  
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,  
 I wait His time;" and Enoch set himself,  
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought 810  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days.  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:  
 Yet since he did but labor for himself, 815  
 Work without hope, there was not life in it  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually 820  
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall 825  
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope  
 On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone, 830  
 Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."  
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said

- “Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
835 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.”  
“Dead,” clamor’d the good woman, “hear him talk;  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.”  
“Swear,” added Enoch sternly, “on the book.”  
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
- 840 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
“Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?”  
“Know him?” she said, “I knew him far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;  
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”
- 845 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer’d her:  
“His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live;  
I am the man.” At which the woman gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
- 850 “You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot  
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again  
“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;  
My grief and solitude have broken me;  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
- 855 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—  
I married her who married Philip Ray.  
Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
- 860 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears,  
While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly  
To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
- 865 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,



Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!  
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last, 870  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her; 875  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. 880  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us any thing but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come, 885  
I am their father; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood,  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:  
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it, 890  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her: 895  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
 900 She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
 905 That all the houses in the haven rang.  
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
 Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!  
 I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.  
 910 And when they buried him the little port  
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

## NOTES

[The numbers refer to lines in the text.]

6. *Gray down*. A bank or hillock of sand thrown up by wind near the shore.

7. *Danish barrows*. Mound of earth or stones over the remains of the dead, supposed to date from the Danish incursions into England.

94. *Osier*. Willow basket.

98. *Lion-whelp*. Image of lion guarding the entrance.

326. *Garth*. Yard.

337. *Conies*. Rabbits.

470. *Abhorrent of a calculation crost*. Angry because disappointed in their expectations.

525. *Biscay* [Bay of]. West of France and north of Spain.

527. *Summer of the world*. Region about the equator; torrid zone.

528. *Cape*. Cape of Good Hope, Africa.

532. *Golden isles*. East Indies.

601. *Darker isle*. England.

638. *Sweet water*. Not salt water.

733. *Shingle*. Coarse gravel from the seashore.

866. *Bairns*. Scotch, meaning children.

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